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ally sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. X.—No. 467.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1893

[ONE PENNY.]



BEAUTIFUL SPRING!

"Although not young himself, Poor Pa still possesses a youthful heart, and recognising the fact that Spring, youth and love go hand in hand, he has been busy lately preparing a sort of Spring celebration, in which Alexandry and Evelina could take an active part, in order, as he puts it, to flick up the spark of love. At the last moment Evelina was seized with the influenza. Luckily, Papa never loses his head during emergencies. Consequently, a rapidly conceived indoor ceremony, in which a magic-lantern acted as an excellent substitute for the sun, was brought to a successful issue."—TOOTSIE.

NOVEL READINGS OF NEW NOVELS.



"Through Another Man's Eyes."
By ELEANOR HOLMES.



"The Last of the Dynmokes."
By CLAUDE BRAY.



"A Rainbow at Night."
By the Author of "Mistress Beatrice Cope."

RESURRECTIONISTS.

ONE night, in the winter of 1801, a hackney coachman, drawing up opposite the Coach and Gate in Gracechurch Street, called to a watchman standing on the pavement that he had got a load inside he didn't much like the looks of, and he wasn't sure he wasn't getting himself into trouble. Inside the coach were a man and a hamper. The man, who had heard what was said, slipped out of one of the doors unobserved, and when the watchman opened the other door, he found that the hamper contained a corpse.

The "subject" had been purchased by Sir Astley Cooper, and was being conveyed from his house in St. Mary Axe to a hospital for dissection. Doctors had no other means of obtaining dead bodies than by employing the resurrection men. These the doctors befriended when "in trouble," as may be seen by these entries, taken from a doctor's ledger:—

	£	s.	d.
1-28, Jan. 29. Paid — to pay — half the expenses for			
bedding Vaughan from Yarmouth and			
going down	14	7	0
May 6. Paid Vaughan's wife	0	6	0
May 26. Paid Vaughan for 26 weeks' confinement,			
at 10s. per week	13	0	0
Four subjects, 2 male and 2 female (Mur-			
phy), at twelve guineas each	50	8	0
June 18. Paid Murphy, Wildes & Naples, finishing			
money	6	6	0

A correspondent of Cooper's thus throws some light on the

resurrectionists' proceedings: "A most infamous plan has lately been practised of breaking open the doors of deathhouses, where the bodies of suicides are deposited previous to a coroner's inquest being held. They are in the habit of destroying the tombs, vaults, and expensive coffins of the more wealthy part of the community to obtain their prey. Violent quarrels almost always ensue when two opposing parties meet in a cemetery, which, by rendering all liable to detection, tends to increase the alarm that the public experience from their depredations, and from the number of searches by warrants that almost daily take place in our premises (for, to speak individually, I have had several subjects seized by the police officers within the last month, for which I had paid large sums), it is to be presumed that after receiving the money from an anatomist for a body, an information is subsequently laid against him by one of the party; whilst another, pretending to be a relative, claims the subject, or, re-stealing it, afterwards sells the same again at a different anatomical theatre."

These unprincipled ruffians imposed on the doctors in many ways. The writer of the above, Mr. Brookes, was one night knocked up by a body-snatcher, who bore with him a sack, which, he said, contained a subject he had stolen from the grave. The doctor had not all the sum demanded handy, but as the man begged very hard, he gave him all he could find, and told him to call again in the morning for the remainder.

The man having gone, he pushed the body down two or three steps leading to the dissecting-room, and turned to go to bed. Suddenly, however, he heard a murmuring sound, and hastily glancing in the direction of the sack, saw that its contents were moving. The doctor, in another minute, had opened the mouth of the sack, and revealed a seemingly half-drunken man, who expressed great terror at finding himself where he was. He said that a trick must have been played on him, and that while intoxicated he had been put into the sack.

The doctor, who did not believe a word of the story, and felt certain that the whole thing was a plot got up between the pair to rob him, emptied the sackful into the street with very little ceremony.

But there are some other curious things to tell about this ugly trade, which will form another article.

OME NOOS.

William av leff mee in poru wile e go for moni to pai for wot e av eet, an the man av tookt awai mi lott.
Wil billiam ack onruble for wunst? time wil sho.
(Next week, "The Body Business.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

You must alter it very considerably, TIM, Or it won't stand the ghost of a chance. You had your revenge very cleverly, Midge. You did lead the Johnnie a dance. It's quite on the cards that we may, WILLIE WYNN, But at present we cannot quite say. Please forward the stamps with the sketches, IN DOUBT. Impossible, RICHARD H. DAY. On Thursday, of course, you should get it, MISS WIER. We're sorry we haven't the space for your little effusion, A READER FROM WILTS. No, CRIB, that is hardly the case. Your letter has fogged us entirely, SUSPENSE. We can't understand you at all. They're always on view to our readers. H. G. The Ancient would like you to call. We're glad you approve of the venture, F. K. Many thanks for your letter, A CLERK. The sketches you send us are fairish, MISS WHITE. But hardly quite up to the mark.

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JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

Lanky Youth (taking a bite out of mince-pie). Where's the mince-meat, miss?

Confectioner's Young Lady. I don't suppose you've come to it yet, sir.

Lanky Youth (taking another bite, which lands him on the other side of the pie). I don't see it yet.

Confectioner's Young Lady. I expect you've passed it now, sir.

DREADFUL straits again at Sloper Hall—poverty and misery and an empty pantry; desolation, empty bottles, county courtiers, etc. Yet SLOPER ever makes the best of a cruel fate. It was grand, indeed, to see him the other night boiling up the ruins of a brace of Childs' night-lights and a score of old oyster-shells in the kitchen copper. "Fish soup," said he, contentedly, "is the favourite dish of the Russian. Why not with us?" To see him ladling it out in half a dozen empty Australian meat-tins would have brought tears to the eyes of a ninety-year-old Bow Street solicitor.

A LENS of mighty power is used
With which to read the stars,
But, oh for one to magnify
The whisky sold at bars!

"OH, Jim, do look at that field over yonder! Does it want so much nourishing? Ain't it all covered with heaps of nitrates, dear?" "Heaps of nitrates be bloomed, Hemma! That's only the Sunday school teachers in their spring frocks a-stooping down to gather up the first daisies."

Old Bach. Well, my boy, do you find married life expensive?
Young Prod. No; I spend the same as when I was single.
Old Bach. Well, then, you must sacrifice some of your luxuries.
Young Prod. Not an anchovy.
Old Bach. Then your wife must go without.
Young Prod. No; she has everything she requires.
Old Bach. But somebody must suffer. Who is it?
Young Prod. Humph! I never thought of that. Probably the tradespeople.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 467.—The "Old Actley's Ring Mistress" Costume.



"Why don't you speak grammatically? You don't know your mother tongue, boy."
"Oh, yes, I do! and her fist, too, when she's riled on a Saturday night."



Monk of Chartreux—declining A. SLOPER'S suggestion that he, the Eminent, should be put on the free list for liquors.



Edith. Oh! Mrs. Muffles, haven't you got a mind?
Mrs. Muffles. Goodness gracious, child! what do you mean?
Edith. Because Ma told Pa that if you weren't very careful she'd give you a bit of hers!



ZOO-ILLOGICAL STUDIES.
The Cobracon.



The man who broke—the shop window in Bond Street and annexed a diamond pin. [Note the Independent Hair on his nose.]

HE was seated at her pa's, and was waiting for his loved one, when he thought he would beguile away the many moments with writing a stanza or two on her charms. "To Florida on a Swing." He'd only got as far, though, as "Little darling up so far, with your toe against the star, Little ankles up so high, twinkle-twinkle against the sky. Don't I wish that I was by," when she came in all full of crinoline and romance, and softly murmured, like a western zephyr: "George, I wish you'd take off these dratted boots of mine. I've wofled down so much pork and sage and onions that I can't bend comfortable."

That Brute of a Husband (looking at son and heir). Yes, dear! Very, dear!

That Duck of a Wife. Yes, John, he's a darling! Bless him!

That Brute of a Husband. Eh! Oh, you're speaking of the baby!

That Duck of a Wife (with tears in her eyes). Of course! Weren't you?

That Brute of a Husband. No; I was thinking of the "pram," he's lying in. I've just received the bill for it.

"TELL me, darling, how to woo thee!"

He implored, on bended knees.

"With a carriage," she responded,

"And a diamond necklace, please."

"WHAT a nuisance a man with an abnormal memory is, to be sure! The other day I was entertaining a few friends with a personal reminiscence, which amused them very much. The laughter had scarcely subsided, however, when an outside bounder, standing near, observed, 'Ya-as, not a bad anecdote that; but the one on the next page but one, page 173 of the book in which you read that, is better. It commences, if you remember—' Of course I knocked him down, but it disturbed the harmony of the meeting, and we had to adjourn to another pub.'—Extract from ALLY SLOPER'S London Letter."

Sharpshins, Minor. What is the meaning of "a blank expression," dad?

Sharpshins, Major. Why, when dad hits his thumb with the hammer and says, "Oh, d—n!"

Flummer. Hallo, Outerwork! how are you? Got a berth yet?

Outerwork (with a long face and a longer sigh). Yes; got two.

Flummer. Wha-at! Where?

Outerwork. At home. Twins.

She. Oh, dear! do look at that poor fellow the other side of the road, covered with mud, and all over bandages and sticking plaster. I wonder what is the matter with him.

He. I should say that he'd either been run over by a brewer's dray, or else he's been playing football.

Sweet Girl Thing (to celebrated actor at five o'clock tea). Oh, Mr. Footlights, I'm so delighted to meet you! (Gush.) Now, do tell me, what do you really think you play best? Hamlet?

Celebrated Actor. Oh, no, my dear—lawn tennis.

SLOPER has of late taken up with a bushel or so of new fads. "I tell you what it is, old man," he said to Mac the other day, as they leant gracefully against the pewter counter of the Blue Pig. "I intend to give up meat entirely, and become a vegetarian; a vegetable diet is the thing." And Mac smiled as sweetly as the automatic butter-scotch. "But you have had a vegetable dinner every day this week, I'm sure." ALLY was incredulous, doubtful as the blind beggar when he fumbles the French penny. "Well, anyhow, you've been so boozed lately that Mrs. Sloper's given you beans every time you've gone home, I bet." More words and fewer drinks—yet once again.

"HAVE you an order gained as yet?"

They asked the young recruit.

"Why, rather," said the bright young man.

"The order of the boot."

"Do you know that poor Snooksby, the proprietor of the 'Jollity,' has gone stark, staring mad?" "Well, you see, he can't get any credit at all from the costumiers, and has to buy his own 'props' and things. He's only got a hundred and fifty yards of muslin to do his new burlesque dresses with. Now he wants to have a brace of serpentines. If he does, they'll take up all the bulky material, and all the rest will have to appear in their last year's second-hand shapes. If he cuts the stuff up into short skirts, then he'll have to take all the padding out of their calves to make wiggle-waggles, and then the stalls will be half empty. Oh! it's a worrying way of getting your blooming living, is theatre management."

Old Snopid. But how on earth did he manage to see you in such a crowd?

Pretty Young Thing. Oh, the aigrette on her bonnet caught his eye.

Old Snopid. Poor fellow! Did it blind him?

Brown. Spoonley ought to be a good Catholic.

Smith. How's that?

Brown. Why, he keeps Lent so well

Smith. The dickens he does!

Brown. Yes, books, umbrellas, half-crowns—in fact, everything that I've tried him with up to now.

Spiffer. Young Dudely is as pleased as Punch.

Spiffer. What at?

Spiffer. Somebody just offered him a penny for his thoughts.

Temperance Orator. What is your opinion, captain, respecting the use of alcoholic drinks in the navy?

Old Scadog. My opinion is that "every Jack ought to have his Jill."

"How do you account for it, that the telephone rates have increased so much lately?" "Well, you see, the price of wire has gone up so dreadful, and them crinolettes being the rage, they can't draw the metal quick enough to keep up the demand."

FABULOUS though their account be,

Why is it that tradesmen will

Taunt us so by asking for the

Payment of their "little bill"?

The Jay. What an awful looking woman, to be sure! Good heavens! Who on earth could marry such a fearful infliction as that!

Muscular Specimen of Church Militant. I married her, sir—

The Jay. Oh, I'm sure—I beg pardon, I didn't mean—no doubt she's better than she looks—I mean she looks better. Oh, hang it all! it was the other woman I meant.

Muscular Specimen of Church Militant. You did not allow me to finish, sir. I was about to observe that I married her to a blind member of my congregation.

"YA-AS," he said, proudly, as he finished scrawling his cognomen in her birthday-book, "I flatter myself my witing is wather the common—quite out of the usual win, don't cher know. What sort of a pen do you think I ought to use, Miss Mabel?" The dear girl regarded him for a moment with a penetrating glance ere she responded, quietly, "A goose quill, decidedly, Mr. Spooner," and then everybody tittered audibly, and Spooner went into a corner by himself to think it out quietly.

TOOTSIE AT THE GARRICK.

"THE theory of a stage-performer being quickly forgotten if absent for a time has had no foundation in her case," Mrs. Bancroft said, amidst thunders of applause, "and she was very pleased to be again associated with such companions as dear old young Arthur Cecil, dear old young John Hare and dear Forbes Robertson. With her husband she had grown grey in the service of the public, but until she shuffled off this mortal coil, she would ever remain theirs gratefully and obediently."



Lady Henry Fairfax: Mrs. BANCROFT.

Queen of Song, Grisi, take a farewell benefit, and how often came back again, to the delight of all?

The night Macready took his farewell at Drury Lane, they were playing *Black-Eyed Susan*; or, *All in the Downs* at the Haymarket; and when William came to that story about the shark, in which, being cut open, were found all the watches and baccas-boxes as had been lost for the last ten years, an admiral's cocked hat and three pilot's telescopes, Buckstone, playing Greatbrain, cried out: "They didn't find Macready's farewell speech, did they?" "No," replied T. P. Cooke. "Ah!" replied Buckstone. "I didn't think he could have swallowed that." By which, I presume, he meant that Macready would take a lot more farewells.

When *Diplomacy* was first played at the Prince of Wales's, Mrs. Bancroft was the Countess Zicka, a part in which she received very flattering notices from the press; but at the Haymarket she elected to play Lady Henry Fairfax, which in her hands is a delightful comedy role just suited to her style. Evidently Mrs. Bancroft does not enjoy being the bad woman of the play, which is now in other hands.

It is hardly necessary, I suppose, to give the plot of this well-known and much-admired piece, which is an English version by Clement Scott and B. C. Stephenson of Sardou's grand play. The



Julian Beauchere: J. FORBES-ROBERTSON.

Henry Beauchere: JOHN HARE.

cast is remarkably strong: Bancroft, Arthur Cecil, Forbes-Robertson, John Hare, Kate Rorke, Olga Nethersole, Lady Monckton, Helen Luck and Mrs. Bancroft. The acting is excellent. Mrs. Bancroft, as I have intimated, is charming, and her description of the clock at Berne inimitably droll.

As the wicked Zicka, Olga Nethersole is seen at her best, and hers is a very fine performance. Kate Rorke scores well as Dora, and thrills the house in her grand scene. Lady Monckton plays her part capitally, and a delightful bit of acting is that of Helen Luck as Marion, her maid. Bancroft, as the Count, plays admirably; as, of course, do John Hare and Arthur Cecil. Gilbert Hare has a natural style of acting. Forbes-Robertson is perfect as Julian Beauchere.

But to come back to the point at which I started. Why should Mrs. Bancroft and Mrs. Bancroft's husband give up the stage? For goodness sake let them not build another theatre, as with those built, building and "in hopes," we have enough and to spare, but let them go on at the Garrick. A cast like the present one recalls old traditions, and should bring the money in so quickly, it will have to be measured, like Ali Baba's treasure, to save time.

Besides, if "monarchs retired from business" find life dull, surely the monarchs of the stage must find it duller without the lights and music. An actor with too long a holiday can't enjoy himself



Count Orloff: SYDNEY BANCROFT.

Dora: KATE RORKE.

thoroughly; it is against nature. Each night at a given hour he must listen for the signal for the curtain's rising, and must note the hour it should fall—fall without applause, though, for the missing favourite, and note it sadly.

A PLACE YOU'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT.

FAIR Monte Carlo, bathed in sunshine! You throw up your window on the morning after your arrival and gaze upon the bright green trees all laden with bright yellow fruit and scent the growing lemons on the morning breeze. Oh, it's great! You seem to want to go out then and there and wallow in it. As a matter of fact, you do; you actually go and roll in the long grass. Somehow you can't understand those oranges growing above your head. It don't seem right that they should grow in the street right within reach of every boy in Monaco. In London they wouldn't be safe for the shake of a sparrow's tail. Probably you think they're tied on the trees with bits of wire—a mean deception on the part of the Administration to fool the mildred Anglairs. Pick one. The small boy looking on—the native boy—smiles as he sees you peel it, and he turns his back when he sees you raise the orange to your mouth.

Great Tim Jehoshaphat! Oh, Moly Hoses! Vinegar and bitter aloe, and rhubarb and quassia root are barley-sugar with that orange. Your lips curl up and pucker somewhere under your left ear. Your teeth have become loosened, somehow, and rattle like dice in a box. One eye has opened so wide that the eyeball looks like the face of a shilling bull's-eye lantern, and the other optic has closed spasmodically and winked, so that a French nurse-girl, who gets used to that sort of thing in an ordinary way, has got up off a bench and hauled the baby-waggon away, whilst the French baby is howling like forty murders at the expression on your face. You catch sight of yourself in a side window, and wish you had a picture of your face at the time you took that bite, as you could make a fortune on your return to England reproducing them as "The Wild and Woolly Man from Terra del Fuego."

But you have gained knowledge. Yes; you know now why oranges are safe growing in the streets of the little principality on the shores of the Mediterranean.

ENOUGH TO MAKE HIM!

HAVE you ever, in the course of your career, had occasion to step aside and say to yourself, in a tone of deep conviction and biting sarcasm, with your head bared and your right hand extended towards the blue canopy of Heaven, "Well, I AM a fool!" Have you ever been taken that way? Has there ever been an occasion on which you felt no shadow of doubt that you were the dodderedest chucklehead in the whole crowd, that you ought not to be at large without a nurse or guardian, and that a vegetable marrow could give you yards start and a beating for common sense?

We came across a fellow on Monday just at that point. He asked us to kick him; and then, more because he couldn't kick himself—that is to say, couldn't kick just where the kickers generally places his kicker, he was bad. But he'd fairly got it on his brain, and would have fallen down before a nine-day, bald-headed baby and called it Socrates with joy.

It took us several hours to discover the thudness of this wherefore. He couldn't bear to speak about it. Even when we did get to the admission, our look of pity brought about such a relapse in him, that we would have given worlds if we had never asked him.

Why was he thus squeaming? Why, we'll tell you. He bought his wife a pug dog—gave ten pounds for it. Wife, highly delighted, waited till his birthday, and bought him a Crown Derby beer pitcher—gave seven pounds ten for it. The very first day it was home the pug got its head stuck in the pitcher, and our pal first cut off the pug's head to save the pitcher, and then had to smash the pitcher to get the head out.

THE ONE GREAT DRAWBACK.

WHEN the gay metropolitan bard Quits the wearisome street of the Fleet, Where he's courted the Muses so hard, And retires to some rustic retreat— Say in Cumberland, Durham, or Wales— He is glad of his season of rest, And the pure country air he inhales With an almost incredible zest.

To behold the blue sky o'er his head, And around him the green-mantled earth— Through the hedge-bordered pathways to tread, To guffaw with the farmers in mirth: These, in truth, are ineffable joys For the poet whose soul was cast down By the murkiness, bustle, and noise That are always existent in town.

But although he keeps steady o' days, Yet o' evenings he can't leave alone Those pernicious slake-wallowing ways To which rhymists in London are prone. So his heart is nocturnally racked— Yes, his soul is nocturnally riven With distress, by the harrowing fact That the "pubs." are all closed at eleven!

AN "OLDEST INHABITANT."

IT was a dull, listless afternoon, and the bell of the village church had begun to toll. The solemn reverberations seemed sadly in tune with the surroundings. Tabitha Toole was dead—poor Tabitha! the village spinster. Generations had come and gone—she had gone on, not for ever, but for a high old time. Now she was dead. "I wonder how old she really was?" queried one and another as the tones of the bell floated mournfully over the farms and far down the valley where the river lay shimmering like a sword in the grass. "But we can soon tell: the sexton will tell off her age."

The old grey-haired sexton was bowing with the twelfth stroke of the mysterious age of Tabitha Toole when the doors of the church belfry, slightly ajar, were pushed open and a stranger looked in. He was a young fellow, covered with dust of travel, and carried a long stick in his hand.

"Who's croaked?" he asked, irreverently. The old man raised one hand warningly, and then bowed to the rattling rope again as he muttered "Thirteen."

"Ah! but who is it?" "Fourteen," mumbled the old sexton, in rhythmic tone. "Come, now, old chap, answer a civil question. Who's gone?" "Tabitha Toole—fifteen."

"And who was Tabitha Toole?" "Oh—hang it!—an old maid—lived down at Lower Busted—sixteen—get out and leave me alone—seventeen—was that seventeen or eighteen?—blow it! Go 'way—nineteen."

A mischievous look crept into the stranger's eye. "How old was she, really?" he said; "twenty-four?" "Twenty-four!" spluttered the sexton, "didn't I tell you she was an old maid? There—which was that: eleventy-four or twenty-eleven!—hanged if I can keep 'count and talk to you too. Go 'way!"

"Most old maids will never admit that they are over twenty-three at most," continued the interloper; "they generally fix on sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen—"

"Keep still!" yelled the old sexton, exasperated and alarmed. "I'll be jiggered if you ain't throwed me out o' my reckonin' altogether. I dunno whether I've struck seventeen or a hundred. This is a nice mess! What on earth shall I do?"

"Oh—begin all over again—people 'll know there's been some interruption, or something. There, it's been just a minute and a half now—start afresh—I won't bother you any more—olive oil!" and out he went.

"Lawks a-mussy," said one of the gossips in the churchyard, "who would ha' thought it! and only last year she talked about marryin' Farmer Pinney. How old did ye say he tolled, Martha?" "A hundred and seventy-nine," said Martha. "Well, I do declare!"

CAST ON THE WATERS.

SHE was a shoeless, homeless little outcast, and she came to the door of Dovecot Villa just as Mr. and Mrs. Minifer were kissing each other "good-bye," and asked, "Clean your door-step, lady!"

Mrs. Minifer watched the little step-girl do her work thoroughly and well. She also noticed how occasionally the little thing's teeth chattered, for it was a raw morning, and how steadfastly the child looked away from the tray which had just been brought from the breakfast-room into the little scullery.

"There's a nice cup of hot coffee here," said Mrs. Minifer. "I don't think it would do you any harm," and she poured it out, mixed with hot milk.

Nor did the little step-girl seem to anticipate any evil results. She only said "Thank you, lady, a thousand thanks."

"And there's a rasher of nice bacon left, and a slice of bread and butter that won't hurt you," said Mrs. Minifer.

And yet the little outcast began to cry. "Dear me, child!" exclaimed the good little woman, "whatever are you crying for?"

"Cause you're so kind," was the strange response.

"John, dear," said Mrs. Minifer, when her husband returned that evening, "I'm going to make a little experiment, if you don't mind. I want to take, and train up in my own ways, a little orphan step-girl."

Said John, "You be guided by your dear little heart and wise little head."

And it was thus that Eliza Ann became a member of the Minifer household.

Did the Minifers regret it? No, for kind actions are generally wise ones; just as unkind ones are always foolish. On that first morning, Mrs. Minifer had kindled in the little ragged heart a spark of love and gratitude that grew into an ardent and endearing flame. Eliza Ann grew up from girlhood into womanhood in the service of the Minifers.

"Since I can remember, mum," she said once, "I never 'ad no mother; that's why Gaud sent me to you, I 'spose."

But, alas! evil days, that will come to the best of the Minifers. Jack Minifer, in making a plunge for fortune, got out of his depth.

"Eliza," said Mrs. Minifer, one day, "we are ruined. We shall have to leave this house, and you must find another place."

The Minifers faced the situation, and Jack looked out for one. But masters are loth to take men who have been masters.

"No luck to-day," he said, returning to their lodging one evening, in response to his wife's questioning face. "Little woman, we've come to our last shilling—except those confounded Balwhynple Shares that I gave a thousand pounds for, but couldn't sell now for a thousand shillings."

"Rat-tat! rat-tat!" A registered letter. Jack signed the slip, opened the letter. No name; no address, only—two ten-pound notes!

Next night Jack came home jubilant. "It's all right, little woman," he shouted. "A big lode has been discovered in the Balwhynple borings, the shares have gone up to par, and I've sold five hundred; the others I shall keep myself."

That saved them. Jack was set on his legs, and recovered his position. In a few months they were back in Dovecot Villa. It was then that Mrs. Minifer set out on a voyage of discovery in quest of Eliza Ann.

"Live 'ere!" said a visage at the doorless doorway of a squalid house. "Yes; but she'll be chucked afore long. She owes me two weeks' rent, and she ain't got a penny; an' yet I knows as how a month ago she took twenty pounds out of the Savings Bank."

"Eliza Ann," said Mrs. Minifer, entering the cold and cheerless garret, "I've come to repay you that twenty pounds, and to take you back." And in a moment the two good women were crying on each other's shoulders.



Eliza Ann.



A registered letter.



"I've come to repay you."



Outside. I say, Brown! why didn't you come out to check our advance?
Inside. So we will when we have finished our hot grog. Run back, old boy, and begin again.



"And they tell me you are a self-made man."
"Ah! that's wrong; I was born in the usual manner."



NOT TO BE CAUGHT.
"Now, look here! you don't bamboozle me! I know more about the French language than you may think. If there is no W in their alphabet, how could they spell out?"



"Yes, dear, I'm engaged to eight fellows, and obtain quite a large income by selling their presents."
Extract from Letter of Young Lady.

* Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 281.—MISS CARRIE ANDERSON.

"For years of devotion I ask but a smile." —The Dook Snook.
"And she has the world at her feet." —Lord Rob.
"What chance have I 'gainst all? Why ask her hand?" —The Hon. Billy.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—Sir JOHN D. ASTLEY, Bart.



(1) Those who have watched his career in the "Lancet" field.—(2) Those who have sat or stood spellbound, as it were, while he—before him, Grace—mind you, Grace is a friend of his. But facts are facts—Grace, he repeats, being absolutely nowhere on the plains of cricket.—(3) Those who, carried away with excitement, have cheered themselves hoarse at his prowess in the ring, have one and all acknowledged that A. SLOPER is a born sportsman of the purest water. Talking of water, had A. SLOPER—as he wanted to, but they wouldn't let him—rowed in the Oxford boat this year, things would have turned out very different to what they did. Where, too, is the F.O.S. who can say A. SLOPER is not good at golf, and famous at fence? Therefore, Sir John Astley, Bart., was only doing the right thing when he proposed A. SLOPER as a member of the newly-established Sports Club, of which the aforesaid Bart. is the genial President. Is it necessary to add that A. SLOPER was unanimously elected—as he was within an ace of being killed?

* This is a gross printer's error. A. SLOPER distinctly remembers writing "Cambridge." A. SLOPER threatened to discharge printer: yes, and would have done so on the spot had not printer said, "All right; pay me my bill and I'll go," which was mean, considering A. SLOPER was incapable of doing such a thing.

Clearly not.—(4) But let us to the Sports Club buffet, and the Interviewer Extracts from Notebook.—"Bless me, Sir John, by discharging the object of the Sports Club?" "Certainly. An old man with a nose not unlike the business end of Harry Payne's red-hot poker, with—when!—that is to say, to encourage and protect legitimate sport in all its branches, to supply a recognised rendezvous at which hospitality—but, Mr. Sloper, you are unwell! Come and have a lemon-squash."—(5) The scene now changes to the exterior of one of the cells of a police-station. Before the police-cell door stand two figures: one is a constable, the other a weeping woman—Mrs. Sloper, in point of fact. "Oh!" she wails, as she wrings her hands, "to think it should come to this! Thank heaven, you will accept my bail!" Just then a well-known voice is heard singing from within, "As I walk along the Boils do Boiling with an independent air." "Wretch!" hisses Mrs. Sloper, in icy tones. "Let him stay there for ever if he chooses. I disown him."

McNAB CHUCKED ON THE SAWBATH.



(1) "Depart, backslider! viper! scorpion! vile, bad man," etc., etc., yelped the Congregation, as they chucked the Elder.
(2) "Kill him! strangle him! murder him! the awia' sinner!—the Sawbath-breaker!"
(3) And as the horror-struck Congregation wended their way homeward, McNab said, "A only sinned twice: first of all, and last of all."



Reviewing the Troops.



A loving Christian sends home!!!



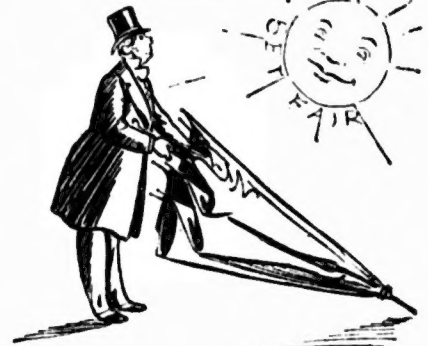
The Guards' Gymnastics.



Sending in Day.



The Glamour of Golf.



The Careful Man.

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Thank goodness, Bank Holiday is over at last! And the worst one of the year, I really think—that is to say, as far as horse-play is concerned. Well, 'Arry must have his day out, although his manner of enjoying it is sometimes questionable. Forward!—Off to Ireland! Balfour greets Gay Usher, and its soldiers meets:—Quite innocent of any crime. Nearly killed whilst in her prime:—Assaults-at-arms are in their way Good, but they have had their day:—From war to love a rapid

stride. Behold gay Tommy with his bride:—All sorts of pictures, in they go. Result, some hearts are filled with woe:—A famous game is golf, I'm sure: For aches and pains a certain cure:—Good old April, month of showers, Doth many people's tempers sour. Good old volunteers! an arduous task has been yours throughout the Easter Holidays. But who cares for war when this sort of thing is tacked on to it! Englishmen don't—that's certain.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

HIGH AND MIGHTY.



A LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.

"Hi, there! what d'ye mean by riding without a light?"

"Why, ye blamed idiot I can't yer see the moon?"



COMPENSATION.

"Haven't a postage stamp? Then I sha'n't be able to post this letter to my young lady. Never mind—I'll have another whisky first!"



"I've never given more than £18 before. 'Praps so, mum, but I expect somethink extra for my height." "Oh! but I don't hire my servants by the foot."



New Teacher. Who made your body?

Irrepressible (crapdip). Mother made the body, 'Tula Smith made the skirt, father bought me a new pair o' boots, an' I trimmed the 'at. But I ain't proud, teacher; I came to school just the same!



AN AMERICAN CUSSIN'.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

"LARKS!"

THE preparations for *The New Halfpenny Comic*, to be published shortly from 19 Shoe Lane, are well advanced. A. SLOPER personally will have nothing to do with the conduct of the Paper, nor will any Member of his illustrious Family. All the Old 'Un will do, will be to shed his benign influence over the Show in the shape of *advice gratis*, and act as a Guardian Angel in the hour of need—if necessary. If you want to know anything more about *Larks*! you must watch this paragraph each week. We shall let you into the secret by degrees.



THE following is a copy of the receipt, signed by Mrs. Mary McBurnie, of 2 Turner Terrace, Glasgow Street, Maxwelltown, Dumfries, to whom we paid £150 in settlement of a claim against "Ally Sloper's Railway Insurance," as announced in last week's "HALF-HOLIDAY":

"April 1, 1893.—Received from ALLY SLOPER the sum of One Hundred and Fifty Pounds, on the death of my brother, James McTurk, in accordance with the terms of 'Ally Sloper's Free Railway Accident Life Insurance.'"
(Signed) MARY MCBURNIE.

THE report that ALLY is going to publish a paper, called *Never Say Die*, for circulation in the waiting-rooms of West-End Physicians, is a stretch of someone's imagination. Doctors say the "HALF 'UN" fulfils the *cheer-me-up-before-I-see-him* principle in every way.

IN answer to inquiries from the country, we are happy to say that the portraits of SLOPER'S Ancestors are still on view at the Royal Aquarium. What Ancestors they are, too!

WITH the end of the hunting season flies the fair sex's last hope of capturing a husband by a display of graceful horsemanship or the fearless manipulation of timber. "To town!" is the cry, and, armed with all the subtle creations of the modiste's art, the husband-hunter must pursue her sport in the Row, the ballroom, and upon race-course, river, and other haunts of fashion. The season promises well; there are several big fish in the matrimonial market, and A. SLOPER wishes all good girls the exact amount of success they deserve.

WILLIE EDOUIN and Alice Atherton have been giving Mr. C. H. Abbott's *Sleepwalker* a week's trial trip at the New Grand Theatre, Leeds, before bringing it to the Strand. A. SLOPER is in a position to say the trip did everyone good. Willie and Alice have got a good thing in the *Sleepwalker*.

THE MILDEWED MAESTRO has this day been pleased to confer the "Award of Merit" upon SIR JOSEPH BARNEY, because he's a leading musician. "Feyther," remarked the Azure-Orbed Alto, "I never see Sir Joseph a-wieldin' the bâton without thinkin' of 'ow you've missed your vocation. You ought to have conducted—" "What, Alec? What?" queried the Ancient, anxiously. "A train," responded the Blue-Orbed, brutally; and for once he made good his escape before his sire could wreak a deserved and awful vengeance.

WE have it on the authority of Mrs. Sala that George Augustus is devoted to his "HALF-'UN." He absolutely gasps for Thursday to come round.

ERSKINE WILLIAMS, the Marvellous Child Cartoonist, draws his ALLY at the Halls of Dazzling Light every evening exactly like the Old 'Un. While he is sketching, the Erskines sing a verse introducing the Mildewed Fabric. Oh! Art, what hast thou done!



ALTHOUGH by no means equal to many of its predecessors *The Golden Web*, the new Comedy Opera at the Lyric Theatre possesses nevertheless some good points. First of all the music, which is undoubtedly the principal factor in opera of any kind—though not by any means comparing with that of our best known composers—is tuneful throughout, and makes a decided impression upon the ears of untrained musicians. Secondly, an excellent company has been engaged in its interpretation; and last, but not least, it is admirably staged. With all these things in its favour, there is not the slightest reason why *The Golden Web* should not run well into the summer months.

THERE is no truth in the statement that the lady whose charms our poet eulogised in a recent number under "Girls of the Friv." fought three rounds with a disappointed damsel, who has been led to understand that her name was to be the subject of that week's erotic screed. Whatever their little faults, the Friv. Girls are perfect lasses, and always take particular precaution to behave as such.

MESSRS. WARREN & WOOD, of *The Gentlewoman*, are getting up a petition to the Postmaster-General praying for the introduction of the "Cash On Delivery Post." A. SLOPER likes the sound of "Cash On Delivery" very much indeed, and hopes that he may derive some benefit from the suggestion to be made to Mr. Arnold Morley. There is no man living more in need of C.O.D. than the F.O.M.

EDWIN CROUSTE'S Grand Circus, now performing at Leicester, is waking up the natives of that festive town with a Water Carnival. A. SLOPER plays an important part, of course. ALLY is in nearly all the Water Carnivals all over the Kingdom. Fame gathering more fame!

MR. WILLIAM HOLLAND, the People's Billiam, has found space in the Blackpool Winter Gardens to hang 100 original drawings, made for the "HALF 'UN" by the late W. G. Baxter. The drawings are bound to be popular, for poor Baxter was well known and thought much of in Manchester and Blackpool. By the way, William the Moustachio-ed has done big things with his Winter Gardens. Last year he had no less than one and a quarter million visitors, and this year he hopes to beat the record. William, your ALLY greets you.

POOR SLOPER! Poor, unhappy Eminent! This has indeed proved a trying Easter for him, and even we—who have watched him admiringly through all the tortuous windings of a great career—never remember a period when he has been more completely on the Razzle. And, oh! but it was a sorry sight to see this erratic genius at the termination of that holiday juniper-crawl; and had not the family physician promptly prohibited alcohol in any form, and ordered liberal potations of the refreshing *Kops*, serious results might have accrued. But the celebrated beverage has done wonders: its pleasing hop-bittered flavour has set the Old 'Un's vitiated digestive organs in working order, and promoted an appetite that would put a ploughboy to the blush, and, consequently, Richard—or, we should say, A. SLOPER—is himself again.

THE Hampstead Police Force has among its members a constable who is a distinguished artist. His water-colour drawings and oil paintings lick a good many things that find their way on to the walls of the Royal Academy. Persevere, Mr. "Artist Policeman," A. SLOPER has his eye on you.

A CORRESPONDENT of Mrs. Sloper's asks "if it be correct that children do not often have the jaundice?" The reply sent by Mrs. S. is reassuring; but, as an afterthought, she adds, "that if you spank a kid it is liable to turn a little yellor."

THE following amounts received for "Ally's Christmas Appeal" will be carried forward to next winter's fund: A. 2s. 6d.; Leo, 6d.; Rip Van Winkle, 1s. 6d.; G. A. Fordham, 1s.; Sergeant-Major Frank Willard, F.O.S., 5s.

THIRTY-FOUR first-class turns sounds rather improbable for one single Music-Hall programme, but this is the disgraceful state of affairs this week at the London Pavilion. And bear in mind, please, that the management at this hall does not, like several of its rivals, bill artists simply as a bait to attract and gull the public, with no more idea of running them than they have of honesty. Everything is worked on straight lines at the Pavilion, and business is always meant; consequently crowded houses are the rule. The following names are selected at random from the programme: Harry Freeman, Brown, Newland, and Leclercq, George Beauchamp, Alice Maydew, Herbert Campbell, Harriet Vernon, Fred Harvey, Harry Randall, Eugene Stratton, Florence Levey, Ada Reeve, and Albert Chevalier.

MR. LONGMAN, junr., of 56 Marcia Road, Old Kent Road, has knocked 'em with his new kite, "Ally Sloper's High Flyer." Each kite bears the physog of the Eminent, for which compliment we of "The Sloperies" are grateful. Our only fear is that the "Sloper Flyer" may frighten the birds a bit.



KOPS ALE

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.
A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING 15TH APRIL, 1923.

9th April, 1877.—A paper of this date says that the manager of a firm of chemists was summoned to answer a charge of wilful and malicious damage to property. A gentleman living in chambers, on returning home in the evening, found on the table in his sitting-room an innocent-looking little bottle. Not having ordered anything of the kind, he merely took it up in his hand, looked at it, laid it down again, and seating himself before the fire, began reading. Shortly afterwards there was a loud explosion. The bottle was shattered to atoms, which were scattered all over the room, and though the gentleman fortunately escaped, the furniture was much damaged. The bottle contained a highly dangerous acid, which had the uncomfortable property of occasionally "going off," unless its strength were reduced, a precaution which had not been taken in this instance. It was left by mistake in the complainant's room, being intended for another gentleman in the same house, who used it, mixed with water, as a lotion.

10th April, 1750.—This day Jack Broughton fought Slack, the butcher. Broughton, having great confidence in himself, and fearing Slack would not fight, made him a present of ten guineas not to break his engagement. For the first five minutes, Broughton's superiority over Slack was so evident that the odds were ten to one in his favour, when Slack, recovering a little from the effects of his blows, made a sudden jump and planked a desperate hit between the champion's eyes, which immediately closed them up. Following up his singular advantage, Slack obtained a victory in fourteen minutes. The defeat proved Broughton's ruin. The Duke of Cumberland, his patron, who was said to have lost £10,000 over the fight, turned his back on him, declaring that he had been "sold," which, however, was untrue.

11th April, 1447.—This day died Cardinal Beaufort, a proud, turbulent, ambitious prelate, "whose will proved that he feared his cruelties had endangered his soul." He desired that three masses should be celebrated every day for ever, for his soul's repose, in Winchester Cathedral, and "ten thousand more as soon as possible."

12th April, 1886.—The newspapers of this date state that the Bognor police had been for some days investigating an alleged robbery of £40. The money was placed in a bag in a cupboard by the owner before leaving his office. Next day, the bag and money had disappeared. A watch was kept on some suspected persons, but at last it occurred to someone, as there was a hole in the cupboard, that the thief might be four-footed. Such was the case, and the money was found down the hole to which a rat had dragged it, and where he supped on the bag.

13th April, 1833.—Raikes, under this date, says: "The original of Molière's Tartuffe was one Roquette, who was much more of a politician than a priest, and who belonged to the diocese of Autun. This circumstance has suggested the following epigram on Talleyrand":

"Roquette dans son temps,
Talleyrand dans le nôtre,
Furent évêques d'Autun.
Tartuffe est le surmout de l'un,
Ah, si Molière eût connu l'autre."

14th April, 1828.—At Cornwall Assizes, a paper of this date states that Jeremiah Jose, aged 55, was indicted for the murder of his nephew. It appeared that the fatal act was committed during a period of great excitement, caused by a quarrel, in the course of which the deceased called his uncle "an old rogue," when the latter took a nail from his pocket, and stuck it into the youth's temple. The prisoner, on being told he had killed him, exclaimed, "If I have done it, I'd give a room full of gold to restore him again." The jury found him guilty of manslaughter, and he was sentenced to be transported for life.

15th April, 1863.—James Rogers, comedian, died this day aged forty-two.

STARING AT THE GREEN.

[Respectfully dedicated to the *Westminster Gazette*.]

As home by tram or train you flee
You read your evening "print;"
But, if perchance its pages be
Of pink or milk-white tint,
By gazing on't you'll surely harm
The vision of your e'en.
But you may 'scape all such alarm
By gazing at the green!

The rustics who, with artless glee,
The grass and foliage view,
The urban toffs who love to see
The billiard table's hue,
Will tell you that one's heart o'erflows
With pleasure rich and keen,
And clearer far our eyesight grows
While staring at the green!

So, if ye prize your precious eyes,
Your evening "rag" you'll get
From one who on the pavement cries
"Westminster Gazette!"
And, ere a month has passed, methinks,
Your sight will wax more keen
Than that of eagle or of lynx
Through staring at the green!

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

SIDE by side upon the cheerless platform of York Road station, Battersea, sat a nervous little woman and a tall, melancholy man. The woman had a boy about seven years of age who seemed to be possessed of an evil spirit. He wouldn't sit or stand still; he didn't want to see the puff-puffs or to be shown the bright green Thames water in the picture-posters of the G. W. R. Nor did he want butter-scotch out of the automatic machine, nor a handful of the National Sunday League excursion handbills to tear up to occupy his thoughts—a popular pastime. He couldn't be coaxed or bribed into behaving himself, and his kicking and whining seemed to be wearing the little woman out. The melancholy man stood it for near fifteen minutes; then he felt called upon to observe: "Madam, pardon me, but I know just what that boy is aching for."

"So do I, sir," she promptly answered, "but I've scalded my right middle finger, and got a poultice on it."

"Dear me! However, pass the word and I'll take the job off your hands. It's a thing I've been in the habit of doing almost every day of my life, for I've had three wives and as many sets of kids."

The boy set up an extra howl and began barking his mother's shins, and she looked round in a helpless sort of way and said: "Very well, sir, if you don't mind. Not too vigorous, but just vigorous enough."

The tall man reached over, grabbed young Edgardo John by the fashionable fullness of the rear part of his reach-me-downs, and him across a well-developed knee, and the spanking machine started off at a forty-to-the-minute stroke. Just as the boy's spine was about to penetrate his hat, his mentor straightened him out and set him down.

"There, my boy," said he, "that'll do you more good than all the puff-puffs or penn'orths of toffee that ever were foaled;" and young Edgardo's mamma said:

"Oh, don't mention it, sir, it's the best medicine in the world, altho' not mentioned in the pharmacopoeia. And what's more, was feeling a bit lonely to-day—it's quite cheered me up."

And young Edgardo only sat there quietly—he said nothing aloud, but in his little heart he prayed to be made a Black Prince.

NEW BAUBLES.

[A contemporary states that the chrysoprane is the height of fashion in the jewelry line just now, both for ladies and gentlemen as well.]



A REMARK often made is, Dame Fashion a jade is— She changes both daily and nightly; And as soon as a fashion Is the rage and a passion, She gives a fresh order to Whiteley.

The new freak of the dame is (Chrysoprane its true name is)— 'Tis a stone that one meets with but rarely; So all swells will now wear them, Though some can't bear them: But they must do the thing *débonnairement*!

ALLY will with the *mode* be (Where'er his abode be, Whether Shoe Lane or far Oceana); But, with good Mrs. Sloper, He is a great hoper The next fashion will be a much sner.

LE BON PÈRE.

SOME fathers will do anything for their children. We know of one dear old creature who has actually had four extra street doors stuck in the front of the house. You see, he's got five daughters, and as they've all got young men of their own, they'd all get scrooged too much if they had to do their good-night-darling huggings on the same stretch of doormat. That's something like a father, ain't it girls?

ENLIGHTENING HIS IGNORANCE.

Chorley. "Ulo, 'Arry! wot cher got there—gloves! Oh, crikey, ain't we a-comin' it! Wot's the good on 'em now the weather's a-gettin' 'ot, though?" "Arry. Ah! that's just where yer blossoming ignorance comes in; if yer knowed anything about the 'abits of a gentleman you'd find out as it's to prewent his dirty 'ands a-showin' as they're worn. See now?"

HER OWN VICTIM.

"ARCHIBALD, you are late." There was a world of reproach in the fair girl's eyes as she spoke these simple words, and the strong man felt instinctively that he had wounded the sweet, sensitive nature to the quick, and with the rough, boisterous impetuosity of his nature would have drawn her caressingly to his side, had not Agatha's next words restrained him.

"No, Archibald," she said, firmly, "not—not till you have told me why you are unpunctual."

It was a simple question, yet her lover hesitated, the red flush of confusion mounted to his brow. "I—er—really, darling," he stammered, "you must excuse—er—that is I—"

But the fair girl interrupted him sternly. "Archibald," she said—and there was determination in every tone of her voice—"Do not prevaricate, do not attempt to deny me; I must, I will know what has detained you."

"But, my dearest, it is impossible. I cannot tell you—er—"

"Cannot—cannot, you say! Ah, Archibald, would you then realise my worst fears, would you tell me that some nameless secret, some hideous debauchery has kept you from my side? Has—but no, I will never believe it, save from your lips. Archibald, if you once loved me, I beg, I implore you, do not keep me thus in suspense."

"My dearest, this is madness. I assure you—may, I swear it is nothing! at least, nothing of an unjust—"

"Then you will tell me, Archibald."

"My dearest, you must—you must really not question me; the delay was unavoidable on my part, er—"

"You, you have pawned your Waterbury," she said, accusingly.

"No, Agatha, no," he answered, hurriedly. "Really, my love," he continued, "you must not, you really must not inquire further."

"Then, sir," was the dignified reply, "all is over between us; you should have no secrets from the woman who is to be your bride."

Her words brought home to Archibald the awful possibilities of the situation. "Agatha," he said, desperately, "you force the truth from me in spite of myself. It was the desire to spare your blushes, my delicate regard for your maiden modesty, that made me silent. Learn, then, that I was waiting for the laundress to bring home my clean—er—my clean sh—shirts—"

He got no further. With a horrified shriek the high-souled girl had fainted into his arms—the wretched victim of her fatal curiosity.

GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."

No. 93.—MAIDA MERRYWEATHER.

WHEN nightly at the "Friv." stage-door

The dudes await the coaches, Why sink the dudes away before Miss Maida's coach approaches?

Is Maida's face so void of grace, So plain and unattractive, That from the sight of it they race Away with footsteps active?

Nay, not a girl the wide world round (I make the statement, fearless Of contradiction) e'er was found Possessed of charms so peerless.

Then is the maid a beautiful maid Who thinks it rude and naughty To smile upon the Toif Brigade, So looks morose and haughty?

Nay, sweeter smiles than Maida throws On each admiring chappie As tripping to her coach she goes Ne'er made a lover happy.

But, Maida comes not forth alone; Beside her stalks her *water*, Who wields a gump and weighs twelve stone.

And Heaven defend the cratur' Whom she shall catch, with loving leer, At fair maid Maida winking.

So, ere the wrathful dame draws near, Away the swells go slinking.



THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

55 MERTON ROAD, BOOTLE, March 25, 1893.

DEAR SIR,—On my return Friday last from a holiday, I found awaiting me your "Award of Merit." I wish to assure you that I esteem it as highly as any other certificate, and I find it much more amusing. Please believe me very grateful for your remembrance of me.—Faithfully yours, HORATIO MCKAY.

BROADWAY, ROATH, CARDIFF, February 27, 1893.

MY DEAR ALLY.—In my estimation you are the greatest benefactor of the human race, and whatever others might think, I have stood firm as the best Portland cement in my own opinion. My first attempt to keep your undying fame before the British public was in naming my cross-bred pup "Ally." Alas! the poor brute turned up its toes after an accidental overdose of rat poison administered by a friendly neighbour. I next took on a fine Tom kitten: what could I call it but "Sloper"? I was really sorry one night to see pussy tearing down the street with a nasty terrier after it; and when I picked up the mangled remains, I could only come to the conclusion that in the darkness that terrier had failed to appreciate what greatness there is in a name. I now betook myself to horticulture, hoping to induce Nature to take an interest in our greatest living wonder. How far I have succeeded you may judge for yourself by the contents of the parcel I send. Art is all very fine, but when the common or garden spud takes upon itself your own noble bust, and makes you not only the "leisure hour" but the "food of man," then I say, in the words of the poet, "what next!"—Ever yours, TAM O'SHANTER.

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

No. 100.—HE ASTONISHES THE MINIONS OF THE LAW WITH A WEIRD AND WONDERFUL LANGUAGE.

THE shades of night were falling fast As through the streets of London passed A bloke with handcuffs on his wrist, Who like a maniac madly hissed, "Elemmenarr! Elemmenarr!"

The peeler who was running in The victim of "Unsweetened Gin" Much wondered what on earth might mean Those tones of rage and anguish keen, "Elemmenarr! Elemmenarr!"

"Now, looka yair, old Fiery Beak, Is that there gibberish Dutch or Greek?" And SLOPER scorned to make reply, But moaned and mumbled with a sigh, "Elemmenarr! Elemmenarr!"

All in the dreary prison cell, From midnight's chime to breakfast bell, In eldritch shrills and shriekings rung The accents of that unknown tongue, "Elemmenarr! Elemmenarr!"

In one of Black Maria's grand Palatial rooms, the wreck did stand And banged its walls against his head, And yelled, as who would wake the dead, "Elemmenarr! Elemmenarr!"

"You hear the charge," exclaimed the Beak, "Is't true or false? Speak, SLOPER, speak!" The teardrops coursed down ALLY's face, And like a child he sobbed apace, "Elemmenarr! Elemmenarr!"

"Hush, SLOPER, hush! I needs, in short, Must fine thee for contempt of court, Unless thou look me in the eye, And tell me what thou meanest by "Elemmenarr! Elemmenarr!"

"Your worship, I've been thundering dry Since sneaked by yonder slop was I. And so I've used—my throat to wet— The only LIQUIDS I could get, L. M. N. R. L. M. N. R.!"

WOT CHER!

Ready Shortly. One Halfpenny.

"LARKS!"

The New Halfpenny Comic.

"LARKS!"

Crammed with Funny Pictures.

"LARKS!"

Full of Side-Splitting Reading.

"LARKS!"

Conducted by GILBERT DALZIEL

"LARKS!"

The New Halfpenny Comic

GILBERT DALZIEL,

"LARKS!" OFFICE, 99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

DEARER THAN LIFE.

[A young man of 16 was so affected at having failed in a musical examination at Durham University that he committed suicide.—*Newspaper.*]

FROM day to day, with ardour unrelaxing, He plied his toil; And often burnt (his brain too sorely taxing) That he would win a fair and high position The midnight oil He did not fear: He held the gaining of his great ambition Than life more dear.

The day arrived of his examination, And, all unversed, He learnt the loss of that rare consummation He'd well deserved. So, wailing wild his hopes' non-fruit, He sought his bier, Who held the gaining of his great ambition Than life more dear.

Oh! sweet the wish for worthy objects, nourished With every breath! Oh! sad that noble hopes, so nobly cherished, Should end in death! Grim teaching this of Fate—the grim magician— That one should ne'er Esteem the gaining of a great ambition Than life more dear!

SERVE HIM RIGHT.

Husband (doing his usual evening grovel). Upon my word, Nellie, I really think the child is getting positively ugly. Wife. Yes, dear; Mrs. Smithson was saying this morning he grows more like you every day.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

THE prophet Amos asks, "Can a bird fall into a snare where no gin is?" A. SLOPER, at any rate, is too old a bird to do anything so foolish.

PARADOX: Bill Sikes, marching off with his swag, is an ugly yet a booty-full man.

THE British Flag: When the British are overworked.

CLARA'S HEROES. (A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.)

CHAPTER VI.

JEANNIE HARRIS, the girl whose dress had caught fire at the Frivolity Theatre, was a greater sufferer by the accident than had been supposed by the other actors in the incident. She had not been burned, it is true, but the scare was a severe one, and the shock to her nervous system confined her to her bed closely.

The gifted Harris, her uncle, bore the misfortune with much impatience. Jeannie's salary, scant as it was, was a bonanza to her guardian, and was seriously missed. His opportunities for the indulgence of mixed drinks were seriously abridged by the fact that the girl was unable to appear either at her place in the workshop by day or the ballet by night. Mr. Harris had not been unmindful of the financial connection he had established with Mr. Steedman, but he had been unlucky in that quarter. Twice Mr. Steedman had been out, and once he had been engaged, and Mr. Harris was convinced that, financially, luck was against him. It was not the first time, however, by any means that the unfortunate Hibernian had been similarly situated, and, consequently, he did not quite despair of something turning up to his advantage. Once more he departed westward on a prospecting tour in hopes to strike silver, and by his departure missed opening an account in a new quarter; for Harry Lawlor was a visitor at the humble residence. The visit was not due to any anxious desire to meet the girl he had rescued. Harry had been eastward, and while sauntering along the Strand, a girl, whom he had never seen before, suddenly said:

"Beg pardon, sir, but you're the gent as put out Jeannie Harris, I believe?"

"Don't know Jeannie Harris. Never put her out in my life, said Lawlor, as he endeavoured to pass her.

"At the Frivolity I mean, when her dress was on fire. I knew it," said the girl, "as soon as I saw yer. Well, she is 'bad-ill.'"

"Ill, is she? I was told she was not inured."

"Nerves, that's what's the matter with her. She hasn't been out of bed since."

"Poor girl! Where does she live?"

"Just round the corner here."

"Well, I'll go and see her, if you don't mind."

"I am sure she will be glad."

Harry Lawlor followed his guide up three stairs, and was shown into a little room in which the girl lay. Lawlor would never have recognised her. She was a commonplace-looking girl, devoid of the powder and rouge which even the back row of the ballet assumes in public. She, however, promptly recognised him, and her face lit up with gratitude.

"This is very kind, sir," she faltered, and a flush of pleasure reddened for a moment her pale face; "very kind of you, indeed, sir," she added again.

"Oh, don't mention it!" said Lawlor. "I was passing, anyhow. I'm very sorry to hear such a bad account of you. Do you have a doctor to see you?"

"Yes, sir, we had one at first, but—" And the poor girl hesitated in confusion. Lawlor did not wait for her to complete the sentence, but hurriedly interrupted with:

"I'll send a friend of mine to see you, and he'll put you on your feet all right." And, after a few words of sympathy, Lawlor descended the stairs.

As he passed a fruit shop he entered and gave a copious order for fruit to be sent to the girl, and then he sauntered westward once more.

"I don't see that it is any business of mine," he said to himself. "The girl might be as well left to the local guardians to look after; but, hang it all! I suppose, after having 'put her out,' as her ingenious friend calls it, I must see her through it, so that she may be in the way of being 'put in' again. It is a bore; but, if I pay the doctor, it is all I shall be called upon to do, I'd suppose."

Harry Lawlor called upon his doctor friend, who promised to look into the case, and thus having in his lazy method discharged what he conceived to be his duty, he went about his indifferent way, and, for about a week, almost entirely forgot about the existence of Jeannie Harris.

(To be continued next week.)



A financial check.



The meeting in the Strand.



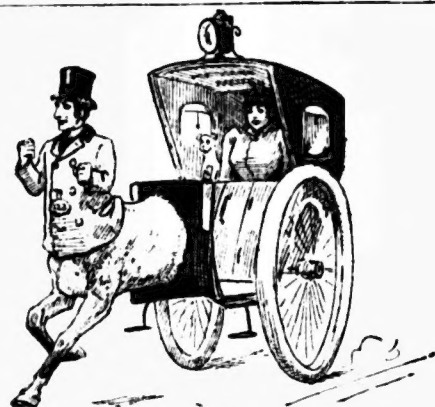
A visitor.

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 502.—MR. FRED HARVEY, F.O.S.

"It was only after considerable persuasion and the use of a whole pantomime van full of mighty arguments, that we at length obtained the reluctant permission of the hero of this week's sketch to reproduce his classical features in the gallery already adorned with the portraits of so many celebrities. That simple modesty so characteristic of every music-hall performer is in our hero's case more than unusually developed, and we can assure our readers that it is entirely against his will that he has thus been afforded the publicity of our columns. First first turned his serious attention to literature, which he studied in the congenial atmosphere of the composing-room, but as the staff of the journal on which he was employed were somewhat addicted to the abuse of alcohol, their copy became increasingly unintelligible, and our hero resigned in disgust. The variety stage next claimed his attention, and after various vicissitudes, a song, entitled 'That Was Me'—a ditty with more humour than regard for the rules of Lindy Murray—brought him into prominence; since which time he has been rapidly mounting Fame's dizzy ladder. Chiefly because he's a star comic, he was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him March 11th, 1893."—*Debutant Improved.*

THE CAB OF THE FUTURE.
The hansom-horse cab.

Old Lady. Business very quiet in your line, ain't it, Mr. Stiffy?
Mr. Stiffy. Ye see, ever since they riz the fees up in the bone yard people don't seem able to afford to give us a order.



Local Hopshui, Esq. (testetemplar). D'you know, my goovl man, there's poison in the cup?
My Good Man. Yes, that's whoi Oi takes of it outer a moog.

AN EXCELLENT SUBSTITUTE.

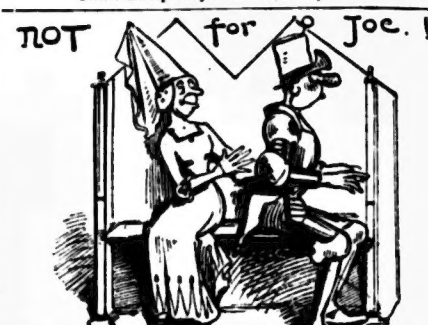


Doctor. A very bad case, indeed! She must have a sea voyage at once.

Miserly Husband. Impossible, doctor, impossible! The Margate boats haven't started running yet. Wouldn't a railway journey do as well?



Cyclist. Feel my heart, uncle. What is it?
Uncle. Bump o' eye-omania, sonny.



The reluctant wooing of Sir Josephus Sloper. From a painting by an old master of the 13th century.

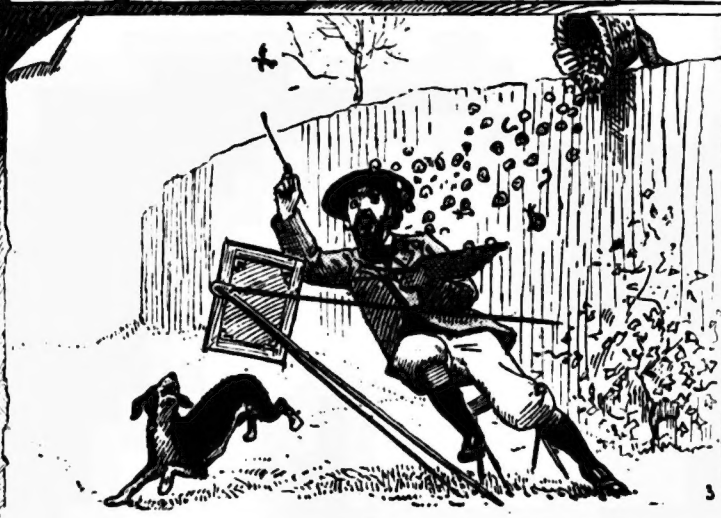
A WARNING TO ARTISTS.



(1) Art is sublime.

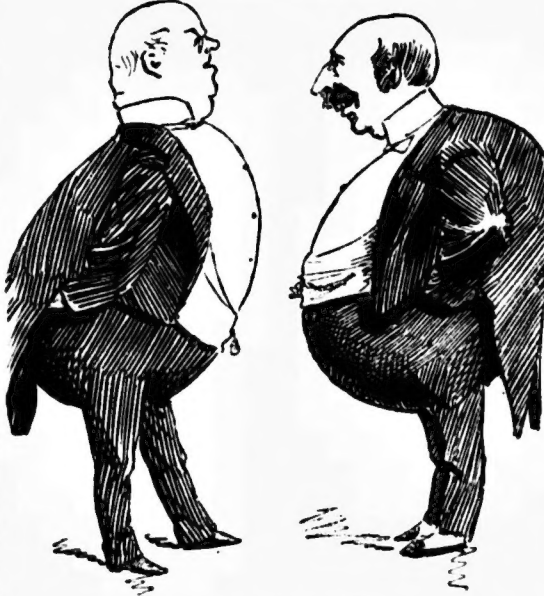


(2) Snails are ridiculous.



(3) From the ridiculous to the sublime.

STRANGE FIGURES.



How some men appear.

GIRLS SLOPER'S KISSED.



No. 56.—Neoline.

THE UNEXPECTED.



"So you have all your teeth right, little boy?" "Yes; and mine are all real. I heard mamma say yours were all false."